

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



F. WENDERTH
SAUNDERS 5/20

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Henry P. P. P. P. P.

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Latin School Register

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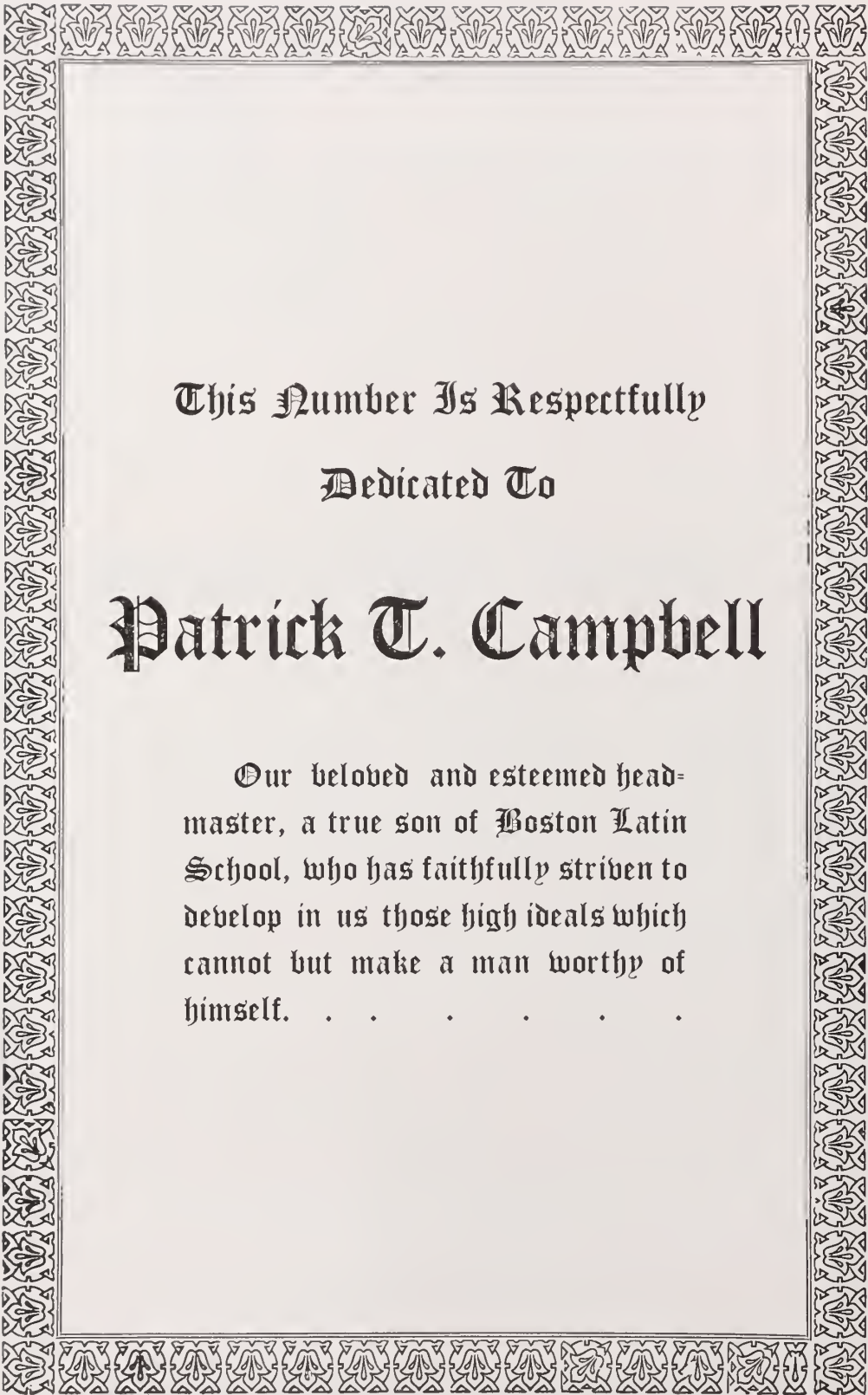
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This Number Is Respectfully
Dedicated To

Patrick T. Campbell

Our beloved and esteemed head-
master, a true son of Boston Latin
School, who has faithfully striven to
develop in us those high ideals which
cannot but make a man worthy of
himself.



HEADMASTER PATRICK T. CAMPBELL

A Word From Our Headmaster

WHEN a visitor from afar comes to Boston he insists on seeing Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, and the Old North Church, while we, children of the manor, think little of these monuments of our country's past. In the same way, day by day we go in and out of the school building with never a thought to the memorials which we here possess. In the assembly hall upon our walls are blazoned the names of alumni illustrious in the history not only of the city but of the nation. Churchmen like Cotton Mather, Phillips Brooks, and Matthew Harkins; statesmen, Hancock, Franklin, and Hooper; and so through the whole list of public activities. How many of us have realized the wealth of tradition which these names disclose; how great a part the school has played in the development of the American nation? How few of us remember that in the founding of the Latin School was planted the seed of free public education which has spread throughout the union and is the most prized possession of our democracy? Every day in the front hall we pass without thinking of the splendid memorial which the alumni have erected in memory of their brothers who served in the great Civil War, '61 to '65. A glance at the marble tablets which flank the entrance hall will show us the names of men who have made the history of Boston since the Civil War. On the shield under the hand of the statue of Alma Mater, in letters of gold, have been carved the names of those Latin School boys who gave their lives that we might today enjoy a united country. The Spartan mother bade her boy setting out to war to come home with his shield or on it. The artist has taken this suggestion and here the mother bears upon the shield the names of her dead sons.

These memorials must not breed in us a spirit of boastful pride but teach us a lesson of responsibility that they carry for Masters and schools alike. We may well be proud of the past history of our school, the work of our elder brothers, but we must always remember that the privilege of belonging to this great brotherhood carries with it the duty of keeping the tradition and the service of the school up to the splendid standard which the past has set. By our work and our lives we must prove to the alumni and to the citizens that the school is maintaining the standard of character and of scholarship which they have known and loved. We must be sure that each of us is doing his part to secure here the training which will fit him for greater service to the city and the state, that he may make, to the best of his ability, a fitting return for the favors which the city, through the school, has lavished upon him. Let us pass on the school to our successors not less but greater than we have received it.

—PATRICK T. CAMPBELL



LATIN SCHOOL PAPERS BEFORE THE REGISTER

W. P. Henderson '84

Nearly a hundred years ago, in 1826, there was in the school a club that styled itself the Lloyd Debating Society. They got out a little paper, *Juvenilia*, of which two or three numbers are still to be found in the Boston Public Library. It was an iron race that founded our school; their stern severity is still reflected in the tone of this serious little sheet. Some of its essays are entitled: Poverty, *Ira Brevis Est Furor*, Theme on Intemperance, Avarice, True Happiness, Perseverance. In lighter vein it descends to translation of Horace, Ovid, and even surprisingly, Anacreon. I do not know what temptations to wassail beset the pupils of our school in 1826; the cry of warning is not wanting. Here is a bit from the Theme on Intemperance. "Behold the pale and ghastly victims of intemperance, wan disease, poverty and death. . . . Can anyone be so lost to all virtuous feelings as to convert the seat of learning into a den of riot, dissipation, extravagance? . . . Fly then from the allurements of intemperance." The record of graduates of that day shows that at least some of the pupils did fly.

Twenty years later, in 1846, the Bedford Street Budget made its appearance. Only a few numbers of this paper survive. The tone has lightened in two decades; this paper is almost human. It runs a good deal to puzzles, has an occasional improving anecdote, but is mostly the reverse of frivolous. One of its editors has occasion to call down a subscriber who has written protesting against a translation from the *Aeneid* which was being run serially and lengthily. The editor brands with gleeful quotation marks an error in spelling in the protestant's letter; this is the rejoinder he prints: "Notwithstanding 'A Subscriber' may 'hop' not to see the rest of the translation, we follow the advice of older and wiser people and continue it. Moreover, when we require such advice, we will request 'A Subscriber' to furnish it; but until then we request him to withhold it." This reply is signed "Norna of the Fitful Head," as is also the translation. But this Norna, as readers of Scott's *Pirate* will remember, was a woman, a sort of sibyl. One wonders if the acid in this reproof comes from a knightly editor in arms for a fair contributor, or is he himself a disguised Norna stung for his own production.

In 1851 came the Student's Manual. The worm was turning now. The subtitle of this paper runs: Devoted to Literary Education and the Rights of the Student. I have found only a few numbers of April and May. "Delta" writes to the editors: "When spring opens . . . how do the school-boys pant and long to be released from school! . . . Now, Messrs. Editors, we have fortunately in your sheet a paper devoted to the rights of the student; and I should like to examine the reasons why school usually assumes the appearance of a place of confinement. . . . Does not a large part of this irksomeness and weariness arise from the mismanagement of the schools?" Here are strong words; this is the speech of a new Spartacus. And an artful, as well, for he pluralizes the last word. Thus he leaves open an avenue of retreat, of which he avails himself in a later number. Not having, alas! the stout heart of a Spartacus, he explains later that he had other schools in mind, not his own excellent institution. This retraction earns him merited scorn; for the next number of the paper carries a comment that rings with the note of adult authority. This note suggests that "Delta" wrote without reflection for he took it all back. It ends by hoping that the next time he has a cause to champion he

will stick to his guns. Poor "Delta!" that last must have been an exceeding bitter drop in his cup.

This was a bright and interesting sheet. The pupils of to-day will not envy those who read in 1851 the notice that the School Exhibition—Our Prize Declamation—would take place on Saturday, May 24. There were six classical and four modern prizes that year.

With the Satchel, dated January 1, 1866, the really modern announces itself. We start right in, the first of the year, with the "Detective's Story". This is no tale to read at bedtime. Rouge and false whiskers help to make the detective's disguise; his bed cramps him into one spot and one position, so he gets up. And wisely, for a mechanically contrived dagger stabs up through the mattress, a shrewd thrust that, my masters!—where but now his heart had been. The accounting with the rascal innkeeper and his scullion thugs is a gory scene and shall not enter here.

The advertisement of Jordan and Marsh appears in this number. A note tells us that the seniors of Harvard College, at a meeting the Friday before to elect class officers had chosen Moorfield Storey orator. So early was he at it. Another note records the fifth public declamation, held on the previous Saturday. The weeks were longer then.

Schoolboys wrote Latin hexameters in those days as part of the home-lesson; the Satchel embalms the story of the logical soul that turned in as one of his verses:

Omne super subitum magno percussit eum bro.

With it he wisely furnished the translation: "All on a sudden he hit him with a big stick." The instructor smiled at "omne super subitum"; "bro" was quite beyond him. So the poet explained. In a squabble in his room his dictionary, used as a projectile, had lost its pages beyond the letter P. How to find *stick*! Undaunted, this mathematical lad looked up *candlestick*, *candelabrum*; and *candle*, *candela*. Then, by the axiom equals from equals: *candelabrum* — *candela* equals *candlestick* — *candle* equals *brum* equals *stick*. The ablative of *brum* was easy.

June 1, 1866, the Satchel announces "The manly and vigorous game of baseball has become the standard game of the United States." The menu of a class dinner at which Mr. Merrill and Mr. Capen were present is all in Latin. A note explains that the guests were not 100% in sight translation. Midway in this menu is the cooling item, *ictus Romanus*, which I leave for the reader to amuse himself translating.

So much for a few gleanings from earlier Latin School papers. Some day you shall read some extracts from the diary of "a member of the graduating class of 1862". He was an outspoken boy and his diary is very frank.

* * * | * *

WHEN THE SUN SETS

At the time when the sun is setting,
Radiant with beauty,
When hills silhouetted against the sky
Cause a profound nearness to our goal.
I feel more certain of the Hand of God,
Invisible but always near,
I know that some day, at that hour,
When heav'n and earth are almost one,
I shall cross the breach
And merge with the unknown.

—Leonard Amster.

WALTER AUGUSTINE ROBINSON

Thirty-five years ago in March I entered into a contract with the School Committee of Boston to serve as a teacher in the public schools. At that time I had had an experience of fifteen years, connected with high schools and academies in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, during seven of which I had also been superintendent of schools. I had graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1876 with the rank of *Magna cum laude*, and membership in Phi Beta Kappa, a certificate of high scholarly attainments. Three years later for post graduate study, I earned the degree of Master of Arts. The standing was the more honorable because I had been absent from college duties a fourth of each year teaching school and doing mill work in order to help finance my college course. My teaching began in a country school in Hampden, Maine, December 7, 1873. This town was the birth-place of Hannibal Hamlin, vice-president with Lincoln during his first term. Hamlin was at that time a resident of Bangor, and had returned to Washington to represent Maine as one of her senators. The country people throughout Hampden were neighbors and playmates of Hamlin, and told many stories of his prominence in the political life of the time. Most of them took great pride in his prominence, and the young men in the Civil War going to the front through Washington, wrote back that their distinguished townsman had searched them out, had called them by their given name, and had inquired particularly of their father and mother and the rest of the family. One townsman could not bring himself to vote for Hamlin because, as he said, he had been in swimming with him. His ideal for a ruler was a man set apart from the common people.

My second experience in teaching was in an outlying district of my native town of Orrington. My father had made the contract for my service, which included my "boarding round." In those times each town was divided into school districts, which were independent units. They located and built their school houses, selected and paid their teachers. Each district planned ways and means for prolonging the school terms to the limit of the appropriations they made. So a nominal price for the board of the teacher was fixed, and each family took him to board for the number of days proportionate to the number of pupils they had in school. There was no particular hardship in "boarding round," for the food was abundant and well cooked, and the spare bed was the most comfortable in the house, usually furnished with a thick mattress of hen's feathers, or geese feathers. To sink down, during a cold night, into such a bed was luxury indeed. The inconvenience in "boarding round" lay in the necessity of frequent moving, the unit of length of stay for one pupil being about three days. I preferred a more settled home, and secured it with an old couple, a prosperous farmer whose children had grown up and left home, and who had represented his town in the legislature at Augusta. I paid twenty-five cents a week for this privilege.

During my senior year I taught Latin and Greek in the Brunswick High School three afternoons of each week. This engagement allowed me to continue my activities as captain of my class crew, in which we won the championship, and to pay in baseball upon the class nine. In College I had been heading towards the practice of the law, but the need of paying my debts and getting a little ahead financially induced me to accept the principalship of Fryeburg Academy. The pay was not large, but the school was widely known for high standards of scholar-



WALTER A. ROBINSON

Schoolmaster for 50 years

ship, and some of its principals were widely and even nationally known. Paul Langdon, son of President Langdon of Harvard, who acted as chaplain of the regiment that marched from Harvard Square to seize Bunker Hill, April 18, 1775, himself a member of that regiment, and a veteran of the whole war, was principal for many years. Daniel Webster, just graduated from Dartmouth, opened the century as principal of the Academy, and it was no common distinction "to step into Daniel Webster's shoes." I "rattled around" in them for one year.

It has never been settled whether Homer or Achilles deserves the greater honor, the latter for doing great deeds, or the former, for relating them in enduring verse. Traditions of Webster's goings and comings among the villagers are persuasive. He was earning money to help his brother through college, and every little helped. He copied deeds at the registry evenings, earning twenty-five cents for each deed. Of only one recorded deed was he used as a witness, and the registrar now shows that signature to interested visitors. Webster kept a running account at one of the village stores which I discovered and published in the centennial exercises of his principalship of the Academy. At about the same time, an oration for the Fourth of July celebration in Fryeburg was discovered and printed. It appears from the records that the committee, after they had heard the oration, gave Webster "an honorarium" of five dollars.

From 1877 to 1880 I taught the High School at Orange, Mass. Then for a year I was principal of Washington Academy, East Machias, Maine. The patrons of the school were seafaring men, masters and sailors of fishing-craft and merchantmen. They claimed for their forebears the honor of the first naval success in the War of 1812. Men from the town surprised and captured a British frigate outside the harbor.

The seven following years I was principal of the high school and superintendent of schools of Franklin, N. H. The birthplace of Daniel Webster is in this town, as is also, a mile or two away, down on the internals, near the Merrimack river, his farm. So I was again brought under the spell of the boyhood of a great man, and of those periods that he snatched from professional and political life for recreation. He fished and hunted, entertained his friends, and planned his farm work with his manager. While at Franklin, I was for two years President of the State Teachers' Association, and for several years was lecturer upon Physics before County Institutes.

Schools under the district management and support were generally efficient only to the extent that the districts were wealthy enough to tax themselves for experienced teachers. The state passed a law, permitting towns to take over the property of the districts and so give more uniform service to children in all parts of the town. Franklin was one of the first to come under this law, and I had the task as superintendent to accomplish the desired results with as little friction as possible. After a successful management of three or four years, the state superintendent of schools reported Franklin as a model of efficiency, and made my report upon the "Town System" a state document, for official distribution. To make more permanent the work done at Franklin, a County institute was called to meet there. The local paper, in writing of events of 40 years ago last October, published the fact that during the four days of this Institute I edited a daily paper in the interests of the meetings. This reminds me that I had edited this weekly for one issue when the editor had been called out of the state in the

serious illness of one of his family. This man had come from working on a Boston daily, and his idea of a paper was to make it "snappy". He exploited the weaknesses and foibles of public and private individuals, often had to defend himself in Court for slander, and not infrequently must retract his statements and apologize. My leading editorial was upon the great services to France of Leon Gambetta who had recently died tragically, in keeping with the tragic events in his life. My other editorials did not seem to indicate that I had a head somewhere that ought to be hit, and so had hit it. The reaction of this issue among the newspapers of the state was instant and interesting. For purposes of hitting back, it was assumed that the editor was dead, or had sold out and left town, or had changed his spirit. There were many obituaries (?) and comments came for weeks, some approving the change and others disapproving it.

I came to Boston to teach March 20, 1889, serving in the Eliot school on North Bennett St. for about three years. The classes were large and efforts to instruct the boys were appreciated, but the discipline called for constant alertness, power to enforce obedience to the letter, and personal confidence. Physical exercise was beginning to take the form of Swedish gymnastics. The North End Park was just opened and twice a week I conducted divisions of the graduating class to and from it, and supervised their work there. When the Playstead at Franklin Park was dedicated, pupils from every grammar school in the city took part. I conducted the contingent from the Eliot School to the park and was an aid to the management.

A transfer to the Dudley School ended my services in the Eliot School. This building occupies the very site of Apostle Eliot's mission to the Indians. The tree under which he taught, if growing today, would come up through the room in which I taught. I specialized in Geography in the Dudley School. A topographical map of South America which I made for use in my classes, was awarded a first prize in the Annual Exhibition at the Mechanics Building in 1892. More than 30 years ago I was transferred to the Latin School. Dr. Moses Merrill was Headmaster, and of the 15 masters only Mr. James and Dr. Morse remain. There were about 400 pupils. I have taught divisions of every class in the school and served as acting-head of the Mathematics Department for about three years.

When it gradually impressed itself upon me that I was to some degree a success as a teacher, I determined that I would be a man among men outside of the school room and so might hope not to put on the narrowness of the typical pedagogue. For professional improvement I have taken two summer courses in Natural Science for teachers, two half years in the Medical School and have studied in a lawyer's office for a half year. I served on the School Committee of a suburban town for ten years, during one of which, in the absence of the superintendent, I acted in his capacity. I have been moderator of Town meetings for 71 meetings. I have for two years been secretary of the Finance Committee of the town. I am a trustee of a Theological School in Cambridge, and of two Academies, and a vice-president of the Massachusetts State Teachers' Association. I have been an examiner of the classes of Bowdoin College. I have served as delegate to political conventions, and am chairman of a building association. An important appointment by Governor Coolidge made me chairman of the Memorial Commission to locate the Massachusetts dead in Foreign Countries, and to erect a Memorial in France. This had necessitated two visits to France and three years of planning

the memorial. The appropriation to carry out the plans of the Commission ought to be made at the present session of the General Court.

In my service of thirty-five years in Boston I have not always been forgetful of my duties to my fellow teachers, and have felt honored in being allowed to represent them on several occasions. The Boston Teachers' Mutual Benefit Association was the pioneer pension organization, established more than thirty years ago to give a measure of relief to retiring teachers. Membership in it was voluntary, and pensions were and still are paid from quarterly dues of the members from an endowment fund raised from a Fair, and from private gifts. But more than anything else it was intended to illustrate the service a pension system would render retiring teachers. I was one of the first members of this association and a director for a term of years. For purposes of publicity, I was made chairman of a committee to hold a banquet of Boston Teachers in Tremont Temple. Over 900 teachers sat down to this dinner which was preceded by a reception, Governor Brackett representing the Commonwealth, and Mayor Quincy the City of Boston, with a long line of other notables as patrons. In speaking to the subject for which the meeting stood, all expressed themselves as pleased that the movement to pension teachers had been entered upon. Ten years later the Boston Teachers' Retirement Fund was given a charter by the legislature, to be followed about a year ago by the quite satisfactory pension law for all City employees. I was chairman for three years of the pension committee of the Retirement Fund, and often presided at the annual meetings.

Three times I have been called upon to champion the cause of teachers who were to be dismissed from the service for the technical infraction of the rules of the School Committee. In each case the rulings of the superintendent were not sustained, and the teachers were restored to good standing and they are still in the service of the City and in high favor with the school committee. Under the rules my retirement will become effective the first of September, 1925.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my work as a teacher and still get some satisfaction in it. I think teaching is really taking on the qualities of a profession and that some teachers, as the result of training, are doing effective and high grade work, but it still remains true, that, as "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log with a student on the other end made a university," so a less widely known Head Master, or teacher in the Public Latin School, instilled with the traditions of the school that honest work and honorable conduct are the *sine qua non* of a youth going to become an educated gentleman, may deserve as high a niche in the Hall of Fame, and may be a Junior College.

DEBATING CLUB

The debate with Everett High School, held February 8, 1924, was on the subject: "Resolved: That all immigration to the United States be prohibited for a period of five years."

The Latin School team was composed of: Curley, Slater, Hoffman. Alternates: Killion, Gilmartin. Everett won.

There will be a debate with Boston College High School, February 29, 1924, at Boston College High School, at 8 P. M.

The subject for the debate is: Resolved: That the Congress of the U. S. pass the bill for Compensation of the World War Veterans.



HENRY PENNYPACKER

A LETTER FROM OUR FORMER HEADMASTER

(Henry Pennypacker)

Dear Mr. Solomont:—

I HAVE read with interest your letter of December nineteenth which recalls vividly to mind the many interesting and profitable years I spent as a teacher in the Latin School. I shall always feel that that School is my professional home, for the ties which bind me to it are stronger than any others outside of those of my own family.

I have written and spoken so often to Latin School boys that anything further I might say or write would certainly be tedious repetition. If you can think of any subject connected with the School on which you think your readers would care to hear from me, I shall try to gratify them in a brief letter; but I am myself at a loss to hit upon any topic that seems to call for special comment at this time. When I was connected with the school, there were always many questions pressing for solution and it was distinctly embarrassing in the midst of so many problems to settle upon the one foremost in importance; but now that I am on the shelf, so far as the School is concerned, my detached position does not enable me to realize any change that may have taken place in the School's immediate purposes or needs. As to its efficiency and its very marked success in carrying out the great object for which it was founded, there can be no possible doubt. In the current year, for instance, the number of its graduates entering the Freshman Class of Harvard College exceeded by more than a score those from any other preparatory school. Since Exeter Academy is represented by fifty-two boys in our Freshman Class, it is clear that the Latin School has sent a numerically strong delegation. Fourteen of our boys appear upon the Honor List, six more than come from any other single school. The highest individual record in scholarship of any one of the more than fourteen hundred candidates for admission in the current year was attained by Norman W. Schur, a graduate of the Latin School last June. Although my official position prevents me from commenting upon these matters publicly, in our own family circle I may properly give voice to the great pride I feel in the continuance of our glorious traditions.

It is the habit of elderly people, and has been since the world began, to indulge in comparisons of the present with the past, usually to the melancholy disparagement of the present day. Even when Agamemnon walked the earth, this habit was fixed in men, and, as if to illustrate the habit, the Roman writers say: "Fortes erant ante Agamemnona"; but let every present member of the Latin School be firmly assured that there was never a period in the School's history when its work was more faithfully done, its teaching force more completely united in effort, and its Headmaster more devotedly consecrated to his trust, or the entire effort of the School more efficient and more successful than at this present hour.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY PENNYPACKER.

A WORD FROM HON. JOHN F. FITZGERALD '84

Boston, Mass., January 25, 1924.

IT IS almost forty years since I graduated from the Boston Latin School, and since that time a great many changes have taken place. There were practically no students representing the newer racial groups in the classes in those days. In the graduating class with me there were three boys of Irish blood other than myself, and but one representative of the Jewish race. I do not recall a boy of Italian blood in the school. The Jews and Italians who now compose such a large portion of the Boston public school population were very few in any of the classes. I do not recall a single boy of Polish blood in my time. A glance thru the roster of the schools now shows what a phenomenal change has taken place, and this has happened without any lowering of the standards of the schools. I think the records of the Latin School boys in the examinations held in the different colleges will show as high a standard as the school ever enjoyed.

I dwell upon this subject in this article because at the present time the House Committee on Immigration at Washington have voted in favor of a restrictive immigration law based upon the population of 1890. This will bear most heavily upon the groups of people from Southern Europe who have come here in such large numbers in the last thirty years. It will strike most heavily at the Italians, Jews, Greeks and Poles, all of whom were allied with us in the recent world struggle.

It seems to me that it would be a very proper thing for a school like the Boston Latin School to go into a very detailed study of this whole immigration question with a view to determining just what is behind this movement and the justice of it. There is no question that there is a very insidious propaganda all thru the United States to put this bill over and it is time that those who are opposed to a restriction of this kind should get to work.

Who can do this better than the children of the newer groups who have the advantages of schools like the Boston Latin School?

If the facts which could be brought out by the Latin School boys could be properly put before the people of this part of the country, certainly a very different impression would be gained among those people who are now being saturated with propaganda on the other side.

The history of our country shows that at various periods during the past one hundred years, serious outcries were made against the new comer. The Irish were particular points of attack about the middle of the past century, though they were the ones that built the railroads of the country, working for seventy cents a day, and from sunrise to sunset. This wage is now paid to the newer immigrant for an hour's work, showing the marvelous economic changes that have taken place.

The fact is that this country is an immigrant country almost entirely, inasmuch as it has grown from three million to over one hundred million in the past one hundred years, and largely from immigrant stock. The Indian is the only real native. It is but a question of a few years between any of our forbears.

At the present time large sections of our country have been impoverished because of lack of demand for farm products. If we had 25,000,000 more people in this country, properly assimilated, who could be easily taken care of in the South and Southwest and the far West, there would be 25,000,000 more mouths to feed and to clothe and the prosperity of everybody in the country would be helped proportionately. Texas with but 5,000,000 people is larger in area and natural wealth than Germany that had 70,000,000 before the war.

To hear propagandists discuss the economic position of the newer immigrants and their proneness to bad habits and drinking, one would imagine that these things never occurred in the old days. The history of our country shows that we had prisons, hospitals, and insane institutions more than a century ago. In New York alone there were 2500 saloons when it had less than 100,000 inhabitants at the beginning of the nineteenth century; about the same time 15,000 people, or about one-seventh of Philadelphia's population were supported by charity. In those same days men and women were put into jail for debts as small as \$1.00 and if it were not for the humane societies in existence at the time would have been compelled to go without food and medicine.

All of these things and others would come to light if a study were made of our country from the Revolutionary days until the present time.

What better work could be done by Latin School boys who are descendants of all that is best in Europe, northern and southern alike, than to bring the truth out in this matter.

Very sincerely yours,

—*John F. Fitzgerald.*

* * * * *

A LETTER FROM COLEMAN SILBERT, '09.

Dear Sir:—

I AM glad to write a few words by way of reminiscence of the days I studied at the Boston Latin School. They were very pleasant days, days that I look back upon with great satisfaction. There was a spirit of goodfellowship at the school which I have never forgotten. Since graduating from the Latin School, I have gone to college and to law school and am now pursuing the profession of law. Throughout all these years, it has been necessary for me to work rather hard. I think it is fair to say that the training I received at the Latin School best prepared me for my work. It is only after graduation that one begins to appreciate what a wonderful school the Latin School is, and how much it means to us and to the community.

I am glad to hear of the wonderful progress of the school and am overjoyed to hear that it is still maintaining its high standards.

With best wishes for continued success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

COLEMAN SILBERT.



A LETTER FROM MAX LEVINE '07.

(*Mr. Levine is in France at the present time on leave of absence granted by the School Committee.*)

Editor The Register:—

I received your very kind invitation to describe my travels for the Alumni number in the very midst of my preparations for a trip through Southern France. The University of Grenoble, where I have been studying since the summer session of September 1st, had just closed for the Christmas vacation, and I was a school-boy again, longing for a change from the steady grind of four months of hard work. My presence here in France is explained by the fact that I am on leave of absence granted by the School Committee. But that will not prevent me, I hope, from suggesting to my readers a few ideas in French. With the kind indulgence of Mr Henderson and the other members of the French department I shall endeavor to make my story didactic, but not too pedagogic.

The transatlantic voyage in June and the trip from le Havre to Paris, via Rouen, I shall pass over, for I had made this voyage once before in 1920, and it presented nothing new to me. For those contemplating a visit to France, I advise their stopping a while, as I did three years ago, in the northwest coast towns of Dieppe and Boulogne, in Lille, Reims, and surely Rouen. I remained in Paris two months "en pension"—with a very nice middle-class family ("de la haute bourgeoisie" they would have you know). As it would take pages to describe my life in Paris, and as I had passed many weeks there on my former trip, I shall omit any description of the city, stating that you must see it for yourself some day, not forgetting to go out to Versailles, twelve miles distant. It was my good fortune to meet one of our own masters, Mr. T. R. Pennypacker, in Paris.

At the end of August I left Paris for Grenoble, in south-east France, passing rapidly through Dijon, Aix-les-Bains, and Chamberg. The little hills gradually grow into towering mountains, and near Grenoble, I was thrilled by the appearance of snow-clad peaks, even though the weather was uncomfortably hot. I was amid the French Alps, with the celebrated convent of "les Pères Chartreux" in the distance. This is a religious order founded in 1086.

Grenoble, "chef-lieu du département de l'Isère," is a thriving little community of 75,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the banks of the Isère river in a pleasant valley formed by the snow-capped mountains. The town is noted for its ancient university and for its many glove factories, especially "marque Perrin." Being the mecca for tourists, it well deserves its name "reine des Alpes." Strangers come from many lands to study at the celebrated university, for the governing board has the right to cater to foreigners. Special classes are formed monthly for those persons not proficient enough in French to follow the regular university courses with profit. The townspeople are very courteous and accomodating, thereby making one treasure very highly one's stay in Grenoble. I have selected my "pension" at La Tronche, the aristocratic suburb.

Leaving Grenoble in the midst of a raging snowstorm, with my four-buckle Boston overshoes (the envy of the natives) clearing an easy passage for me, I set out on the noon train for Valence, to the south-west, and from there to the little town of Orange. On the way the snowstorm had completely abated, till not a trace was left. The trip was enlivened by the naïve remarks of a little girl who kept saying to her father: "Papa, les rails marchent." ("rails" is pronounced like the English word "rye", but with the "r" back in the throat). And the father could

not make the child understand. The archaeologist will be delighted with the extensive remains of an ancient Roman theatre of the time of Hadrian; the word "Equites" is clearly visible on the third row of seats. There is also a partly restored Roman "arc de triomphe", beautifully sculptured, erected by Tiberius in 25 A. D. In the regular town theatre that night I noticed two red-hot stoves at each end of the orchestra seats, and as the weather was pretty cold, I would warm myself a bit by the fire when an act was through, and then take my place to sit through the next act, and so on.

When the "mistral" (north-west wind) blows down the Rhône, it can get pretty cold even in the Midi. The Rhône seems a rather narrow stream here but widens further down toward the sea. While walking on the street, I stopped to listen to a man playing a lively tune on a bugle. When he finished, to my surprise he called out in a loud voice: "A l'occasion de la fête de Noël" etc.; He was announcing some sale or other. This was a good way indeed to advertise. In many respects the quaint little town of Orange pleased me very much.

Avignon (50,000 population) is a short distance from Orange down the right bank of the Rhône. It is a pretty little city, entirely surrounded by mediaeval ramparts. The people are real provincial Frenchmen with the strong "Midi" accent. One hears for instance "toute la semaine" with the final "e's" pronounced like our "u" in "up", and the "n's" can be heard on the end of nasals, as in "enfant." The great "curiosite" here is "Le Palais des Papes," a vast block of imposing edifices with several high towers, all of which served for many years as the papal residence from the fourteenth century on. By some very numerous, dark, winding stairs I ascended the tower St. Laurent, from the top of which I had a fine view of a glorious sunset on the Rhône. The height is tremendous, and I am sure now that the famous mule which Daudet describes as being dragged up to the top of the tower was not and could not have been very mulish. In fact our guide in the palace had too much "horse sense" and remained below. The celebrated "Pont d'Airgnon" does not reach clear across the river, and is closed to the general public. It seems to be somewhat renovated. I was considerably amused that evening at the goodfellowship prevalent in the audience at the cinema, where some of the spectators responded vocally to an irresistible piece of popular music played by a good orchestra, and they often finished ahead of the music.

Tarascon, a little farther south, is worth only a short visit. It has one main street, and it seemed as if the several thousand inhabitants were all out there to welcome me. Daudet's name is hardly mentioned by the natives (we know why), and the postcard clerk sold me almost apologetically a few cards depicting Tartarin in various scenes and "la Tarasque". I believe there is an annual festival to commemorate the latter. Beaucaire is a short walk across a bridge over the Rhône.

Still farther south lies Arles (17,000 population), where I was forced to spend a rather dull Christmas eve. Of great historical importance is the arena ("les arènes") which goes back to the time of the Antonines in the second century A. D. The structure is well preserved, very high and massive, and reminded me of the Harvard Stadium, though in shape it is circular. It is used in summer for bull-fights ("courses de taureaux") and for theatrical performances. There is also an ancient Roman theatre, begun under Augustus, but it is not so well preserved as the one in Orange. The streets in Arles seemed rather narrow and not well kept, and the big boulevard along the Rhône was very dusty.

Traveling south-east I reached Marseilles Christmas day, and incidentally got my first glimpse of the blue Mediterranean. The weather became a little warmer here, but an overcoat was still necessary. Marseilles (600,000 population) ranks first of the French cities in commerce and second in population. Its principal thoroughfare, la Cannebière, simply teemed with gay, exuberant people, who naturally were not of the real French type, but had a cosmopolitan aspect. It seemed to me personally that every other person must have come from Greece. (I was told later that many were Corsicans.) It is a well known fact that many residents of Athens have expatriated themselves and have settled here ever since the "late unpleasantness" in Greece. There were many Italians to be seen, and some Turks wearing the picturesque fez. Of course the darker, browner element that represents Northern Africa was in evidence also. I got my first real glimpse of the "chéchia" here: it is a sort of abbreviated stocking cap or high toque with the tassel end by some means or other projecting from the head and not hanging down.

By motor-boat ("canot automobile") I visited the Château d'If, only a few miles out on the Mediterranean. Dumas located his famous "Monte-Cristo" here. The big, wide castle is perched on a high island, and is encircled by huge walls and towers, crumbling here and there. It was with a strong feeling of awe that I stepped into the dungeon attributed to Monte-Cristo, and one flight up I entered the one where the Man in the Iron Mask had been imprisoned. The cells were cool, clean, and roomy, but somewhat dark. The cinemas in France have been exhibiting "Monte-Cristo" for some time, and I remember having seen the film in Boston.

I was not sorry to leave Marseilles, for I had before me the prettiest and most charming trip I have ever taken, that along the Riviera. Even our Thousand Isles and the St. Lawrence can not begin to compare with this exquisite strip of coastline. I was practically in sight of the beautiful blue Mediterranean all the way, the train now winding its way along the many indentations, now boring into a tunnel almost over the ocean, and often seeming to be riding high up right over the waves. I passed through Toulon (100,000 population), the first naval port in France, then going north-east through Cannes, the aristocratic winter resort, I reached Nice with my stock of descriptive adjectives sadly depleted. During the trip I was indeed surprised and overjoyed to be greeted by Wilson (B. L. S. 1919, Harvard 1923), who took French with me eight years ago in Class BIV. He has been studying French at the University of Montpellier. He assured me that the French vocabulary he had amassed, especially in Class I, had been of great service to him this year.

Nice (170,000 population), increased in winter by literally 100,000 others like myself, is a city which can but faintly be described in mere words; the artist only with his bright colors can represent this lovely town. It seems as if nature and the hand of man had combined perfectly to render Nice "the garden spot of the world." When I saw it, the golden sun shone warmly out of a blue, cloudless sky, and the blue-green waves of the Mediterranean were rolling in harmoniously on a beach-front several miles long, bordered all the way with dazzling, white-walled hotels crowned with reddish roofs. In the background loomed up the high hills with the foliage green even in winter, giving one glimpses here and there of turreted villas, cool and shady. The long four-mile walk on the beach-front is called "la Promenade des Anglais," and now there has been added another section to do rever-

ence to his majesty the dollar, "Quai des Etats-Unis." The foreigners, mostly English and American, live on the ocean side of the city. Projecting into the Mediterranean is a very large, magnificent Casino, brilliantly lighted at night, where under one roof there takes place every day dances, opera, cinema, and games of chance. After three joyful days under a sun that forced me to doff my overcoat (I am of the opinion that I would have tried out the bathing possibilities of the Mediterranean in winter, if I had seen anyone else venturing out into the briny deep) I had to depart.

Nearer Italy lies Monte Carlo (10,000 population), in the principality of Monaco, high up on the extremity of a rocky terrace projecting into the ocean. The charming little town is laid out with beautiful flower beds and pretty little gardens. The streets are always scrupulously clean, and thronged with jolly, happy, almost frivolous crowds. Of course the famous Casino attracted me at once. Paying the modest entrance fee and a something for the right to leave my coat and hat in the coat room ("le vestiaire"), I entered. Let me mention here that in France I have already paid almost the full value for my coat and hat. Is that one of the reasons why Frenchmen wear their hats in some theatres even during the performance? Yes, I have seen it done. At any rate I was in a great, high hall, where games of chance were progressing at many tables. I shall not take the space to describe the interesting games going on, the call of the croupiers; "Faites vos jeux!" . . . "Rien ne va plus!" the tokens ("jetons") that were wagered (and usually lost), and the serious mien of several individuals of both sexes, who were copying the numbers announced and racking their brains to discover a way to "beat the bank." The whole business seems illegitimate not only from an American point of view, but from that of many Frenchmen with whom I have discussed the matter. At least all that I spent there was the entrance fee and an interesting afternoon.

That night I happened to read in the European edition of the "New York Herald" of the age, height, and weight of Norman Schur (B. L. S. 1923), who had come out first in the Harvard entrance examinations. The account made one think of pugilists, who, having won the championship of the States, aspire to further honors in Europe. And when I told people here what brilliant work he had done for me in French three years ago, they considered him marvelous. But then, as Mr. Campbell will say offhand, such excellence in the Latin School has been the usual thing for so many, many years that people have become accustomed to it, and they criticise us when the school does not produce such scholars.

Never to be forgotten is the thrill I experienced at the sight of the American flag flying on the warship "Pittsburg", at anchor just above Nice. It was good to see the cleancut, stocky American sailors in and about the city; the personnel has been well chosen and cannot but do honor to our country.

My vacation was drawing to a close, and as the return route through the Alps was blocked by avalanches of snow, I returned by Marseilles, up the Rhône to Valence, and kept on northwards to take in Lyon. This city, "chief-lieu du dép. du Rhône", (550,000 population) ranks third in France, and is best known for its silk productions and its annual fair ("la foire"). It is situated at the confluence of the Rhône and the Saône, (the vowels in both words are pronounced alike), and played a very important part in the Roman administration of Gaul, as it is the gateway to the Atlantic, to England, and to the North Sea. I arrived in a howling snowstorm, which later turned to a cold, penetrating rain, making me pine for the sunny south.

Lyon is spread out over the banks of the two rivers, and is a bustling, thriving community. I hope that the film I saw there, Daudet's "Le Petit Chose," will reach the States; it was admirably presented. I urge even the Class III. boys to read the story, which is not long at all. It will give them an idea of a certain type of school life in France a little over sixty years ago.

On my return to Grenoble I found that a few feet of snow had covered the countryside; I was back amid the French Alps. The university term has begun, and I must await my next vacation, probably Easter week, when I hope to visit Alsace and Lorraine and a bit of Switzerland. Conditions in Germany are not very encouraging for travel.

My letter is no doubt long enough but I can not close my account without a few very practical suggestions for our boys, a sort of general summary of what I myself have found very useful in the matter of pronunciation. I have seen Americans from different schools and colleges come to study at Grenoble, stay awhile, then depart, leaving a bad impression here as to the mental ability of Americans in general, for they pronounced their French almost as badly as when they first came. They do not and will not observe a few necessary rules, which have especially interested me, since I am devoting most of my time to phonetic study. The first point is to open the mouth in talking French, far more than you think you have to, and that will help move your passive lips. I believe it was Prof. Grandgent of Harvard (one of the Latin School) who said that the staid and grim Puritans talked with their mouths barely open, for they thought it indecent to expose the organs of the mouth. To talk French well you must open the mouth. Secondly, to pronounce "d", "l", "n", "t", push the tongue against the back of the upper teeth, try the French word "dentiste" and its English equivalent, and see the difference; also the word "animal". Thirdly, and probably most important of all for avoiding being taken for a "greenhorn" in France, get rid of the English "r" as in "run". Not a single sound in French is pronounced with the tip of the tongue articulating so far back in the mouth; in English our "t", "d", our final "l" and our "r" all are produced almost at the roof of the hard palate. Either practise the forward "r" (technically "alvéolaire"), where the tongue vibrates just in back of the upper incisors, or better still, as the Parisians pronounce it, practise the uvular "r" back in the throat, but not too far back, for then it becomes the German "r". With the help of a little pocket mirror notice that little v-shaped thing "la lnette" vibrate in the throat when you try "r" and a vowel, and keep practising that vibration whenever you see a French word with an "r" in it, and you will have bettered your pronunciation infinitely.

I close here with my hearty wishes for a successful year to the REGISTER and to the Latin School.

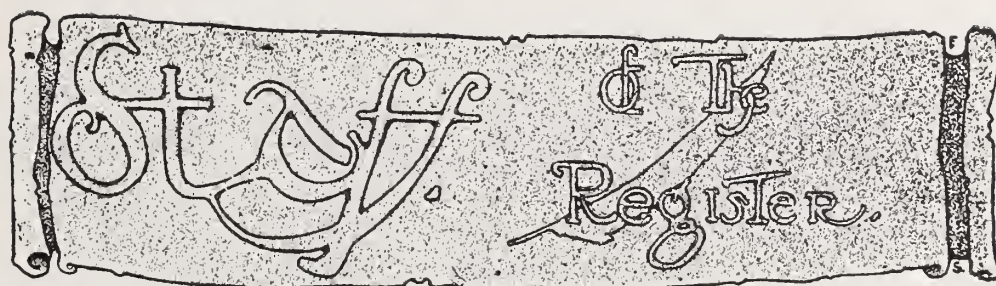
MAX LEVINE, Class of 1907.

University of Grenoble,

Grenoble,

Isère,

France.



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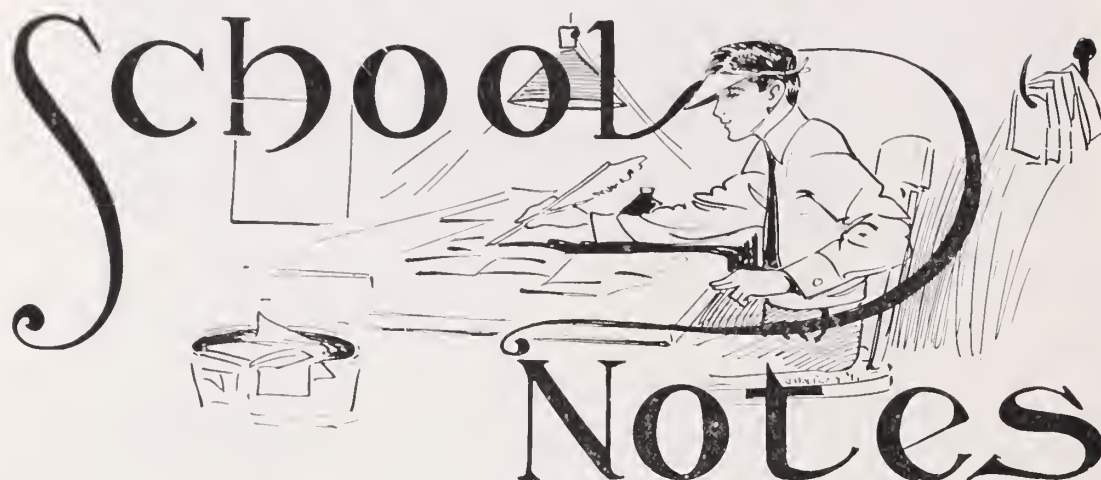
Editorial

Oft and again can we point with pride to the ever-growing list of names which have helped raise the glory of their alma mater to the heavens. With ever-increasing satisfaction might we repeat: "By their fruits ye shall know them,"—and ask to be shown another such list.

For almost three hundred years, graduates of the school have gone forth into the world prepared to render to their country and their fellow-men service. For almost three hundred years, have they done their utmost, some with great works and lofty thoughts, some with lesser works and the ornaments of life, each according to his ability. And let no one belittle their accomplishments, if they but lightened the world with a single smile or happy thought. The thing sought for in life is the happiness of all. Who supplies that, supplies the world with a material more rare than radium.

Looking over the roll of the School's alumni, we find there statesmen, artists, lawyers, musicians, scientists,—all masters in their line. Mediocrity, there is, alas too common, for not every one can be a genius. But as Lincoln said, "God loves the common people,—he made so many of them," and we have left us, so large a number of great ones, that justly may we boast of the School and its Alumni.

Let us not, however, forget that soon *we* are to be the School's standard-bearers, that upon *us* rests the responsibility, that after we have done with our share in the world's work, we leave the school, not less, but greater than it was before our coming. Then we can rest assured that not only the school, but all humanity has benefitted by our course.



By Edward A. Michelman

On the sport page of this number mention will be found of a new division of athletics lately introduced into the school: swimming. Up to now English High has been the only Boston high school having swimming included in its official athletic activities, but now with Latin School in the field, E. H. S. will cease to hold exclusive honors for Boston. The team is captained by Richard of 302. The manager is Eddie Hermann, also of 302, and the faculty manager is Mr. E. R. Bowker.

* * * * *

The class dance will probably be history when this copy of the *Register* is in your hands. It is, or rather was, held in the drill-hall on the evening of Washington's birthday.

* * * * *

On Friday, February 15, the birthday of Washington and of Lincoln were jointly celebrated by the school in the Assembly Hall with suitable exercises. These will be described more fully in our next issue.

* * * * *

Owing to a typographical error the name of C. J. Odenweller was affixed to the report of the Orchestra instead of that of its writer, Harry Stearns '26.

* * * * *

Our cover this month was designed by Francis W. Saunders, Editor-in-Chief of the *Register* for the school year, 1919-1920. Saunders has departed from ordinary procedure in his gift of material for the Alumni number, in sending us an artistic contribution instead of a literary one.

* * * * *

Although there have not been many days in the past winter which were suitable for skating, yet there has been a sufficient number to thoroughly test our new rink and find its worth. We thank Mr. Campbell and the School Committee most heartily for their efforts in securing it for us.

* * * * *

Owing to the absence of Mr. Jones on account of the sudden death of his brother there are no Alumni Notes this month, since it is he who so kindly contributes them each month.

THE PRINTED PAGE

P. J. Wenners '19 (Editor-in-chief of the Register in 1918-19)

WITH the passing of the years—yes, even with the passing of days,—it becomes more evident that few things in the world have seen their prime. Each week reveals new marvels discovered in the laboratory or in the realm of external experience. The aeroplane becomes daily more safe, more useful; the radio sends out mysterious song on unseen carriers; the telescope brings to man knowledge of new firmaments. The world revels in its conceit of mastery of the physical universe, and plunges anew into a greater frenzy of unsatisfying, bewildering pleasures. In all this mad whirl, the consummation of which lies in the working of the inexorable law of ultimate dissolution, whose existence we may deny but cannot destroy,—in the midst of all this, where is the harmonizing voice of the clear-headed, the ever-present stabilizers, directors, guides of mankind? In a word, what use is being made of the greatest vehicle of thought known to man—the printed page?

The spoken word may have its peculiar advantages, as in the case of the eloquent orator, but its natural inability to remain permanently, its limitation as to the number of people influenced, and similar negative qualities, have caused men to prefer the printed page.

Let no one imagine that I intercede to plead frantically for the return of man to the virtuous days of the past, or to enlarge upon the subject of the world's present sinfulness, for in fact I believe, as a prominent clergyman stated not long ago, that the world is not so maliciously wicked as it is pitifully bewildered.

The point, however, is this: the printed page today has tremendous influence on the people; it has the power practically to make or break a nation or a group of nations. What use is being made of it, and why should it concern us?

All, I think, will agree that all literature, in the broadest sense of the word, may be divided into that which teaches and that which pleases. Although, of course, everything that affects man teaches him to some extent, I have considered the primary aim of each division in thus classifying them. The former class does not concern my purpose, and for that reason will not be considered at length. These may each be divided into three general classes of publications: books, magazines, and periodical literature. With none of these classes in their entirety have I any quarrel, but many items under each cannot meet the approval of any man able to see the consequences of things. Particularly is this true of publications under the classification of "the pleasing". The books of this class today are very largely only conglomerations of verbose sentences shrouding ideas of questionable virtue, in quest of sense-excitation and gratification—conceived with the sole purpose of pleasing enough over-satiated appetites to entice a large gold return into well-worn coffers. The most modern magazines, boasting of the largest circulations, are but duplications of those printed variety-shows that achieved instant success for the same reason as that which boosted the sales of books such as those mentioned before. The status of the modern newspaper has been aptly defined by one newspaperman who, in reply to a reprimand for printing various articles that shocked those people still able to feel shocked, said, "Well, we give the people what they want". Their "wants" were judged by the rate of gold return per variety of publication.

Few publishers today think of the fact that they should give the people *what is good for them*; rather do they give them *what is financially good for themselves*!

It must be clear to those who have followed me thus far, that it is practically useless to try to dissuade from their purpose those whose sole interest in the publishing business is to gain fortune.

It remains to consider those who have a more commendable end in view. This brings us at once to the subject of the papers issued by business houses for their help, club and fraternity journals, college and school magazines and newspapers. Of these the last-named alone are of immediate interest.

For years it has been the hoary custom for school papers to cultivate the most comprehensive ignorance of outside affairs and conditions possible. A collection of ball-game, race-track, or railroad-accident short-stories, sprinkled with a few poems about the moon, the flowers, and the spring, added to a page or two carefully labelled, "Jokes," served to fill up the space between covers, unless an editorial on how to eat in a lunch-room seemed seasonable. Occasionally the outside world crept into the school-paper through the medium of advertisements contributed by the father of a school-boy "to help the old school", or by the shrewd candy-store owner around the corner. At any rate, the average school-boy, receiving from his teachers nothing but book-knowledge and dreams of becoming a millionaire soon after graduation, and carefully protected by his school-paper from any blasts from the cold, hard world, begins actual life with little understanding of world conditions and less sympathy with them; as a result he is himself unable to value things as an educated man should, he can certainly offer no aid to others, and at length they and he become lost in the madly whirling sea of modern humanity.

Why need the school-paper be merely what it has always been? Why need it the few times it does come in contact with the world, simply reflect some of the world's unanalyzing, pleasure-seeking chaos? Let it, by all means, retain some at least of the features that make it, not only readable, but pleasant. However, must this be all it should do? Rather should it also teach students how to view the things of life, how to evaluate them, how to seek the solutions of problems they must soon face. If students, unaided, are unable to do this, then let competent teachers, those who have actual experience with world-conditions, or alumni, give their aid in this matter.

The seemingly complex problems of life as they affect individuals generally, can be easily overcome by those who have developed two qualities: power of analysis and resolution not to fear what seems complex. These qualities can be best developed by exercise of the faculties capable of producing them. This exercise can be provided by the school-paper whose directors and editors realize they have a greater mission today than merely to encourage ambitious writers, or to republish retold, but age old stories, well-known witticisms, and oft-repeated vagaries sometimes called editorials.

Will the schools avail themselves of the mighty instrument that builds business, directs the destiny of nations, and often determines the fates of men?

Yearly educators revise curricula; when will they realize the existence of that mighty latent store-house of power,—the school-paper conscious of its greater mission? When?

**Headmasters of the Public Latin School
in the City of Boston**

PHILEMON PORMORT.....	1635-1638
DANIEL MANDE.....	1638-1643
JOHN WOODBRIDGE.....	1643-1650
ROBERT WOODMANSEY.....	1650-1667
BENJAMIN TOMPSON.....	1667-1671
EZEKIEL CHEEVER.....	1671-1708
NATHANIEL WILLIAMS.....	1708-1734
JOHN LOVELL.....	1734-1775
SAMUEL HUNT.....	1776-1805
WILLIAM BIGLOW.....	1805-1814
BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD.....	1814-1828
FREDERICK PERCIVAL LEVERETT.....	1828-1831
CHARLES KNAPP DILLAWAY.....	1831-1836
EPES SARGENT DIXWELL.....	1836-1856
FRANCIS GARDNER.....	1851-1876
MOSES MERRILL.....	1877-1901
ARTHUR IRVING FISKE.....	1901-1910
HENRY PENNYPACKER.....	1910-1920
PATRICK T. CAMPBELL.....	1920-

* * * * *

EXCHANGE COLUMN

A. H. Canner

The *Mirror*, Dedham High School, Dedham, Mass.:—Yours is a fine magazine.

* * * * *

The *Noddler*, East Boston High, East Boston, Mass.:—The stories of your Literary Department, tho' many and fairly good, are rather abrupt as to endings. Your column, "Books Worth Reading", is quite a novel idea. We wish to call your attention to the fact that the *Register* is the paper of the Boy's Latin School and not of the Girls' (G. L. S.).

* * * * *

The *Distaff*, Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.:—Well written! Your cuts and cartoons are interesting.

* * * * *

The *Wyvern*, Kingswood School, Hartford, Conn.:—A new exchange and a welcome one. The stories of your Senior Literary Department are fine,—all of them. Let us commend you on the efficiency of your business staff, for twenty-six pages of advertisements far exceed those of the usual schoolpaper.

* * * * *

The *Roman*, Rome High School, Rome, Ga.:—Another new exchange and one just as welcome. Your athletic department is well written.

The *Record*, English High School, Boston, Mass.:—Your publication is very well written but don't you think that the arrangement could be improved?

* * * * *

AS OTHERS SEE US

The *Chandelier*, South Boston, Mass.

The *Register*. Your magazine is very good. You seem to be well ahead in sports by the looks of things. You have some clever jokes.

* * * * *

The *Record*, English High School, Boston, Mass.

The *Register*. Pretty nice issue. Good cartoons, good sport column and Funny Fables, and some fine cuts over their departments.

SAVED IN TIME

(One of my many experiences during the World War.)

Joseph E. Hajjar

AFTER having traveled through mountains and valleys in Syria, sleeping everywhere—in ditches, trenches, woods, and using dead bodies of humans as pillows—and eating many species of grass and entering camps of the German and Turkish Armies and Arabian tribes, I met a man whom I finally discovered to be a highway-man. The latter who also sought to save people belonging to his religion—Mohammedanism.

It was then the cruelest part of the World War, and I who endured much suffering, realize today that my spirit was in the hand of the Almighty and that my body only was traveling the land of Syria.

In a very sad, poor condition—starving, naked, feet and body bleeding—and near the end, I was passively striving to reach a city or a town. But being almost exhausted and hopeless, I hardly was able to step any further. Crying, I began to crawl on my empty stomach. Then actually realizing the end was near, I knelt down with enthusiasm, "Oh God, where art Thou? Give me strength, help me—save me so that I may deliver the message of my mother to my father in America."

The robber saw me, and hearing what I said, came to me. I was startled and extremely surprised when I saw him.

Believing that God had answered my prayer, I went with him to a nearby deep well. He was very kind to me; I wondered why.

After we had dinner, he asked me if I would descend into the well for some water to drink. I first refused to do so;—not that I suspected he would betray me, but that I was afraid.

Finally I agreed; and with a rope tied about my waist, he lowered me into the well. When I was half way up, I was extremely frightened as I discovered his main object.

"What are you?" he said in a threatening manner. Tell me or I'll cut this rope and you will go down to the bottom of this well."

I being embarrassed, did not know what to do or answer. I hinted to him what I was, but he did not understand me. Finally I promised to tell him definitely if he would let me up. He did—after having been persuaded to give me a chance.

Now he pressed my neck on the edge of the well, ready to cut with his dagger.

A swift daring horseman, whom the Turkish Government was always after,

and who was finally shot in carrying me down a hill, saw the highwayman—who discovered that I was a Christian—and shot him when he raised his hand high in the air to end my life. I shall always remember this scene as one—of many—in which I owe my life to God. I hope that this true composition will appeal to every American.

* * * * *

LETTER FROM H. H. BLAKE '23

The following is an extract from a letter lately received by Mr. Dole.

I am in London for five weeks and am enjoying it very much. Of course I went to the Abbey and found it very beautiful, impressive, and fascinating. I thought the monuments to the two Pitts, one over the main entrance and the other by the West door most striking. There is a very fine statue of Disraeli, erected by Parliament. I can't remember half the great men whose tombs I saw, but Gray, Chaucer, Spenser, Dickens, Darwin, and the Unknown Soldier are some of them.

Another place of great interest is the British Museum. The autograph collection includes letters written by Queen Elizabeth, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Charles V, Henry VIII, Disraeli, Dickens, Gray's "Elegy" in his own writing, Nelson's Log Book, letters of Thackeray, Tennyson, Goethe, Heine, Moliere, Rousseau, Racine, Corneille and Voltaire.

There is also music in the handwriting of Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Brahms. By far the most beautiful writing in the collection is that of Addison; Byron and Arnold also have distinguished writing. In another department are the Elgin marbles and the Rossetta Stone, which I can remember Mr. Campbell painstakingly describing to us in the old building, before he became headmaster.

After having read three biographies of Disraeli, I am looking forward to visiting his country estate at Hughenden in Beaconsfield, one of the suburbs of London. Edmund Burke is buried near by, and G. K. Chesterton lives there, so I expect to have an interesting day.

I have not yet seen Oxford or Cambridge, but intend to do so, and also Eton and Rugby.

One event which will occur before I go back to college is the opening of Parliament, when the powers that be turn out in comic opera splendor. I have already visited two of the palaces—St. James and Kensington—and have several times one to see the drill of the guards at the former.

With best wishes for a happy and successful New Year.

Sincerely,

HASTINGS BLAKE

Blake is a Student at Stoneyhurst College in England in preparation for Oxford.



THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL ONCE MORE

Arthur W. Marget, *Editor-in-Chief* '16

The Latin School is a great place,—there is no doubt about that. Yet it is a good thing for every alumnus, at more or less regular intervals, to set down very clearly just what qualities of the school, in his opinion, make it really “great”. In a certain sense, I grant, appreciation of an institution is as much a matter of taste as is the appreciation of a particular poem, or of a particular opera. Either one feels the beauty of the thing, or one does not. Nevertheless, one should be able to *define* the qualities concerning which tastes may differ subsequently: and this brief letter to the Alumni Number of the *Register* is an attempt at such a definition.

In the first place, I should like to point out that the Latin School is a public school. This, I know, is very much like announcing solemnly that we all speak English. Nevertheless, under certain conditions, we may become intensely interested in the fact that we do speak English, as anyone who has lived abroad will testify. Supposing one had an opportunity really to *choose* a mother tongue, and knew that the stake was a close affinity with one of the world's cultures, and an inevitable ignorance, more or less profound, of other cultures,—which language would one choose as one's own? So with the realization that, among religions, there are alternatives to Christianity; and so with the realization that there are alternatives, even in America, to public schools.

“Thank your stars, you men who have graduated from public schools,” a class in American History was told by a Harvard lecturer, now Professor of American History at Oxford, “for your public-school education. You have only yourself to blame if, after that experience, you have *missed the common touch*.” Indeed, a public school education remains the first real adventure in American citizenship. It works, as much as any single institution can work, for the destruction of that phenomenon which threatens most the peace of this country and the world: the phenomenon of the socially uneducated man. To be sheltered from contact with those unlike you, from your earliest days until full manhood, is calamity enough for the individual; when, as so often happens, the seclusion so begun seeks to perpetuate itself in after life by the determination to read only “sound” newspapers and periodicals, to hear only “sound” lecturers, and to belong only to organizations which stand for “sound” principles, it becomes a disaster for the world. The public school cannot prevent this second sort of development; but it can sow seeds which will make it unlikely to ensue.

Now, of course, praise of public schools does not necessarily imply dispraise of private schools. In the first place, there are private schools and private schools. The makeup of the student body in some of these private schools, for example, is every whit as heterogeneous, and therefore as democratic, as that of the public schools. Moreover, there is no assurance that a congenital prig is sure to be “cured” by a public school, or that a boy with decent, manly instincts will be affected even by an atmosphere and a tradition frankly undemocratic. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a point of view which is inevitable in the public schools, is by no means inevitable in private schools. A point of view, for example, which, holding that certain arbitrarily selected non-academic qualities, aside from such qualities as moral integrity, are desirable in a student body, would insist upon withholding the benefits of a superior academic training from those who, though academically fit,

are socially "unfit", is simply incomprehensible to the average public-school graduate, accustomed to think in terms of an open road, and victory to the fleetest; the same point of view may seem, and undoubtedly does seem, to many a private-school man, unjustified,—but hardly incomprehensible.

Yet so long as the Latin School shares the privilege of being a public school with thousands of others in the country, the distinctiveness of the school is hard to be found in qualities inhering in it as a *public school*. What makes it distinctive is the *combination* of these qualities with other qualities which, it has been alleged, are to be found, as a rule, only in private schools. These qualities are specifically: first, a vigorous, virile tradition of scholarship and discipline; and, second, a "school spirit".

Our proud boast that the Latin School is blessed with the first of these qualities, no one will venture to gainsay. There are thousands of public schools in the country; but not many of them can declare, as the Latin School certainly can, that the quality of the instruction, and the vigor of the discipline, is comparable to that which the best of the private schools have to offer. What, on the other hand, shall be said of "school spirit"?

Here, it seems to me, is the most significant thing about the whole Latin School tradition. It has been alleged by some that a real "school spirit" is impossible unless there is, first, a residence requirement, with dormitory life; and, secondly a strong tradition concerning the overwhelming and paramount importance of continued athletic success. I might be prepared to admit this in the case of a university,—although even here I should like to make various qualifications; but I deny it unqualifiedly in the case of preparatory schools. My evidence is the spirit of the Latin School, which presents the extraordinary spectacle of a spirit based neither upon residence nor, essentially, upon an athletic tradition, but, instead upon a fellowship growing out of a *common subjection to distinctive standards of scholarship and discipline*.

That this is the real basis of the Latin School spirit seems to me indisputable. The stories that are swapped when Latin School men meet,—and, after eight years out of Latin School I am still unable to find any other public school concerning which stories are swapped with greater regularity and gusto,—are stories that concern a certain martinet of a teacher, who effectively squelched some notorious trouble-maker; of how the work was piled on "in the old days"; of escapades and escapes from the wrath of the headmaster,—of the merits and the foibles of the masters whose memory, it may be said without suspicion of cant, have come to be truly loved and revered. A school which can continue to provide materials for such story-swapping, is a school to which we may send our sons in the confidence that, though we should seek far, we should never find a place better calculated to bring out what qualities of vigor, ambition, and manliness lie within them.



MY WORK IN THE WORLD WAR.

Dr. Ralph Goldthwaite, '99

AT THE declaration of war with Germany I was busily occupied at the Army General Hospital in Washington, D. C., in charge of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department, and was teaching the same branch at the Army Medical School. In consequence of my interest in Eye and Ear Work, my attention had been drawn for some months to Aviation and particularly to the proper physical requirements of aviation candidates. A tentative form of examination had been developed, and through the winter of 1916-17, I examined all candidates for aviation service from the area of the whole Atlantic Seaboard. With the outbreak of war this minor side-line of my work became so important and pressing that a local board of officers in Washington took over this work, and later similar boards were organized all over the country to select suitable material for the aviation service.

In July 1917 the first aero squadron was ordered overseas and I was attached to it as Surgeon and crossed with them, leaving them at Liverpool, and reporting independently at Paris Headquarters, where on account of my connection with the aviation physical problem I was assigned to Aviation Headquarters at Paris where I established an examination unit which, in the course of four months, examined all officers and civilians in France who desired to enter the aviation branch, and also served as recruiting office to the aviation branch. In connection with this unit I had a very interesting trip in October down the whole front from Nancy to Dunkirk, examining Americans who were at that time serving with the French and who desired to transfer to the American Aviation.

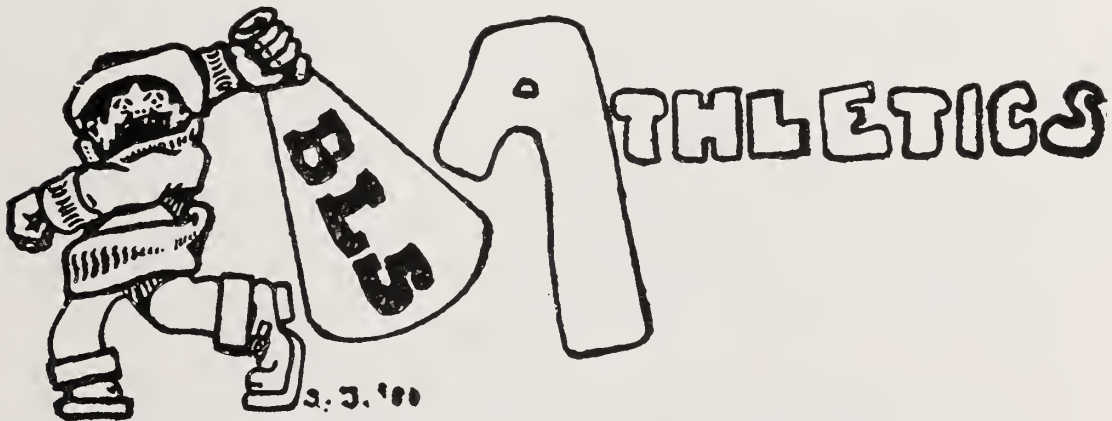
By the latter part of November a large number of aviation troops had been gathered at Issoudun where it had been decided to develop a large aviation training center, and I was sent there as Surgeon in charge. During the winter of 1917-18 a large cantonment was built there, having 6,000 troops and 500 aviation students. Nine flying fields were laid out radiating from the central camp at a distance of 1 to 6 miles, and 1000 aeroplanes were used for training and experimental purposes and all types of flying service were taught. In the central camp, all the supplies and administration was located and a hospital of 300 beds with all the various services was constructed and equipped. As Surgeon I had charge of all the medical and sanitary activities in the zone, and on account of superior facilities we took care of special cases from other troops in the vicinity. Many interesting suggestions as to the care of flier and selection of flier developed from observation made at this camp which were widely utilized in the U. S.

In July 1918 I was transferred from Issoudun to Le Havre where I was put in medical charge of Base section 4, which included the channel zone from Dunkirk to Charbourg and inland as far as Paris, excluding the zone of the armies. It had been decided to ship all the American troops possible, via, England and for four months nearly 5000 men a day arrived at Le Havre, and after a rest of 1 to 3 days moved on their training areas in France. Emergency medical attention, furnishing of medical supplies, and care and segregation of contagious diseases, and accidental injuries to the passing troops was an important feature of the work. In addition there was a permanent garrison of 6000 men at Le Havre engaged in Base Section activity, for whom medical care and sanitary attention was provided. All the medical supplies contracted for in England were delivered in Le Havre and were classified and transhipped by express, freight or canal boat as conditions required.

Many ships also arrived monthly from the U. S. at Le Havre. A hospital of 400 beds was taken over from the French and rearranged for American purposes to care for permanent personnel and transients.

At various times inspections were made of hospital detachments in the area of the Base Section. One of the most interesting of these was an inspection of the burial detachment along the Hindenburg line after the troops had moved forward toward Germany. This trip gave me a very good idea of the general terrain and the fighting conditions in that intensely interesting zone where the ebb and flow of mighty efforts on both sides had taken place.

After the Armistice a small portion of the returning troops were returned to the U. S. from Le Havre and an embarkation center with the medical side was developed to care for this activity. When the main flow of troops and material back to the U. S. had occurred, it was decided to close the activities at Le Havre, and I returned to the U. S. in May 1919 and was placed in charge of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat work at the Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., on my arrival in June.



THE TRACK TEAM

The track team opened its season with a Junior-Intermediate meet with Boston College High and Newton High at the Newton Gymnasium, Jan. 23. The Latin team was handicapped by the fact that city rules allowed the Purple athletes to take part in only one track and one field event. Newton and B. C. H. were not governed by these rules,—witness the performance of Healey of B. C. H., who scored three firsts and a second. It was a very creditable afternoon's work, but rather unfair to the Purple

INTERMEDIATES

30-yard Dash—Won by Hoyer (L), second Healey (BCH), third, Borrow (N), fourth, Chisholm (BCH), time: 4s.

220-yard Dash—Won by Healey (BCH), second, Barrett (BCH), third, Finklestein (L), fourth, Smith (N), time: 28 1-5 s.

600-yard Run—Won by Cummings (N), second, Chisholm (BCH), third, Holzman (L), fourth, Wyldes (L), time: 1:28:3.

Relay—Won by B. C. H., second, Newton, third, Latin (disqualified).

Broad Jump—Won by Healey (BCH), 8ft., 6 3-8, second, Hoye (L), 8 ft. 4 1-2, third, Francis (BCH), 8ft. 4 1-4, fourth, Duncan (N), 7ft., 11 3-8

High Jump—Won by Sisson (N), 4:11, second, tie between Francis (BCH) and Herlihy (N), 4:10, fourth, Colton (N), 4:9.

Shot Put—Won by Healey (BCH), 38 ft., 7 3-4, second, tie between Thompson (BCH) and Chisholm (BCH), 37 ft., 7 1-2, fourth, Barrett (BCH), 32 ft., 9 1-2

JUNIORS

30-yard Dash—Won by Epstein (L), second, Hickey (BCH), third, Myles (BCH), fourth, Warren (N), time: 4s.

160-yard Dash—Won by Warren (N), second, Russman (L), third, Gallagher (L), fourth, Serkin (N).

Relay—Won by Latin, second, BCH, third, Newton.

Broad Jump—Won by Epstein (L), 7 ft. 9 1-4, second, Hickey (BCH), 7 ft., 5 1-8, third, Dunn (BCH), 7ft., 2 1-8, fourth, Warren (N), 7 ft., 1 3-8.

High Jump—Tie, Horowitz (L), Warren (N), 4:9, third, tie, Dardis (N), Hickey (BCH), 4:8.

Shot Put—Won by Berrazani (BCH), 34 ft., 1, second, Hickey (BCH), 33 ft., 5 1-2, third, Serkin, 30 ft., 11 3-4, fourth, Connor (BCH), 29 ft., 2.

Total—B. C. H., 54; Latin, 38; Newton, 37.

THE HARVARD MEET

Saturday, January 26, the Latin Seniors Team participated in a triangular track meet with Harvard Freshmenn and English High. It resulted as follows: Harvard '27, 60; English High, 10; Latin, 1. Bob Sullivan scored Latin's only point in the 300.

The meet was conspicuous by the absence of the four best men of each team, being reserved for the K. of C. meet in the evening.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS MEET

On the evening of January 26, the annual K. of C. Meet was held in Mechanics' Building. The Latin School Relay Team, which has been Boston Champions as long as most of those now following scholastic track can remember, again proved its superiority. The team, which consisted of Joe Nolan, John Sullivan, Frank O'Brien, and Vin Sullivan, defeated the English team by nearly seventy yards. Several Latin School boys now competing for other schools or colleges gave good accounts of themselves. Among these were Capt. Jimmie Merrill of the Harvard Varsity, "Red" Haggerty of the Harvard Freshmen, Frank Riha of B. C., Jos Ingoldsby of the B. C. Freshmen, Veasey Pierce of the Massachusetts Aggies, Charlie Hunt of Northeastern, Bill Henry of B. U., Earl Dudley of the B. A. A., and Ken ogers of Harvard. Not a bad group of Alumni on the track, is it?

THE HOCKEY TEAM

LATIN 0

COMMERCE 0

An attempt to decide the tie game between Latin and Commerce only resulted in a tie second 0—0. The playing of Foster, Neal, and Martin for the Purple featured. The team played its best game by far this season and only the rugged, and at times questionable tactics of the Commerce defense men prevented a score. Perhaps some time before the season is over the team will have another chance to settle the championship of Louis Pasteur Avenue.

LATIN

Foster (Donaghy) rw
 Neal (Minton) c
 E. Woods (Bruen) lw
 Martin (Avery) rd
 H. Woods (Fusonie) ld
 Keefe (Lyons) g

COMMERCE

Carthy (Moran) lw
 McGrail c
 Levy lw
 Coffin (Buckley) ld
 McCarthy rd
 O'Keefe g

Score Latin, 0; Commerce, 0. Referee: Kontoff (Dorchester)

Time: Two fourteen minute periods.

LATIN 1

NEWTON 6

On Wednesday, January 16, the Newton Hockey team skated, or rather swam to a 6—1 victory over Latin School. There were two inches of water on the ice, and as the teams skated, the water was above the skates, on the leather. The one Latin goal was made by Herb Woods after a scramble in front of the net, in which Herb, Johnny Neale, and Keefe figured. One of Newton's goals was scored when the cage was out of place, but as it did not affect the result, Latin did not protest it. The score:

LATIN

Foster (Tucker, E. Woods) lw
 Neal (Ryan) c
 Minton (Keefe) rw
 Fusonie ld
 H. Woods d
 Lyons g

NEWTON

Stain (Gilligan, Whetmore) rw
 Holbrook (Nixon, Williams) c
 Stubbs (Rice) lw
 O'Donnell rd
 Johnson (Stone) ld
 Howland (LaCroix) g

Goals: H. Woods, Nixon, 2, O'Donnell, 2, Holbrook, Stain.

Referee: Martin. Time: three 12 minute periods.

LATIN 0

COMMERCE 0

At the Arena, the evening of December 16, the Latin team took the ice for the second time that day. Despite the fact that the team had been through three hard periods of hockey barely four hours before, they outplayed the Commerce team. Time after time, Martin, Neal or Fusonie would take the puck through the entire Commerce team, only to have the shot go astray. The last sentence tells the tale of the defeat, the shooting was wretched. But, then, who can blame them for not shooting straight when dressed in the clammy wet uniforms of the afternoon which had not had time to dry after the swimming fiasco. Although both teams were willing to play a sudden death period, Mgr. Brown of the Arena was fearful of the players' health and would not allow it. The summary:

LATIN

Foster (Ryan) lw
 Neal (Dwyer) c
 Minton (Avery) rw
 H. Woods (Fusonia) ld
 Martin rd
 Lyons g

COMMERCE

Carty (Moran, Kilroy) rw
 McGrail c
 Levy (Buckley) lw
 McCarthy (Carmichael) rd
 Coughlin (O'Shea) ld
 O'Keefe g

Referee: Stewart. Time: three ten minutes periods.

LATIN 1

BELMONT 0

On Monday, January 21, the hockey team broke into the winning column by beating Belmont on their own rink. The game on the whole, was very even, a brilliant rush and shot by Acting-Captain Neal deciding the issue in our favor. Ryan and Martin also played well.

LATIN 0

MALDEN 4

On the next afternoon at Ferryway Green, Malden, the team fell before the Suburban League secessionists 4—0. The fact that the Latin defense men were often in Lyons view aided the Malden team greatly. Three of the four goals were made with Lyons so handicapped. The summary:

LATIN

MALDEN

Foster (Tucker) lw
Neal (E. Woods) c
Minton (Ryan) rw
Fusonie (H. Woods) ld
Martin rd
Lyons g

Pendleton (Melanson) rw
Peabody (Bellevue) c
Henry (Horan) lw
Embler (Gitter) rd
Daley (Shiels) ld
Donahue g

Goals: Henry, 2; Pendleton, Bellevue. Referee: Barabee.

Time: three fifteen minute periods.

LATIN 0

STONEHAM 6

Wednesday, January 23, at Bucknam Pond, Stoneham, the team went down to defeat before Stoneham High, 6—0. The game, in spite of it's one-sided score, abounded in acitivity. Acting Captain Neal suffered an injury to his nose which at first appeared serious, but which, fortunately, was not.

LATIN

STONEHAM

Foster (Ed. Woods) lw
Neal (Tucker) c
Minton (Ryan) rw
H. Woods ld
Martin rd
Lyons g

Melly (Evans) rw
Brock (Cahill) c
Ransby (Crosby, Chase) lw
Patch (Rob) rd
Rotundi (Pettingill) ld
Devlin g

Goals: Ramsdell, 2, Pettingill, 2, Melley, 2.

Referee: McAnarney. Time: three fifteen minute periods.

LATIN 1

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 4

For the fourth game in as many days, the hockey team lost to Cambridge Latin at Russell Field, North Cambridge. Latin was leading at the end of the first period 1—0. The team seemed to have gained what was conspicuous by its absence before, namely, a passing game. The goal was a result of the improvement, Martin carrying the puck to mid-ice and passing to Ryan who carried to the defense returning it to Martin. There "Fat" shot the goal. The rest of the period was misery for the Cantab goalie, but skill combined with luck is a hard thing to beat, and further Latin scores were prevented. Fusonie and Minton were added to the hospital squad along with Neal, the former with a strained ankle and the latter with a wrenched hip. The summary:

LATIN

H. Woods lw
Ryan c
Tucker (Minton) rw
Fusonie ld
Martin rd
Lyons g

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Roche (Decker, Porrier) rw
Nelson (O'Connell, Groden) c
Joyce (Mahoney, Bacon, Crowley) lw
Pearl (Kerr, Clancey) rd
Gibson (Boland, Barkin) ld
Fitzgerald g

Goals: Martin, Mahoney, Roache, O'Connell, Nelson.

Referee: Currey. Time: three twelve minute periods.

LATIN 1

MECHANIC ARTS 0

January 25 was an eventful day for Latin sports, despite the overwhelming defeat by the Harvard Freshmen in track. The great victory of the relay team and the rising of the hockey team into third place in the league standing by virtue of a win over Mechanics did much to alleviate the grief caused by the afternoon's performance. The summary:

LATIN

Minton (Donaghy) lw
Neal (Tucker) c
Foster (Ryan) rw
Martin ld
Fusonie rd
Lyons g

MECHANIC ARTS

Rheinhardt lw
Lanata (Jenks) c
Regan rw
Lockhardt (McDonough) ld
Leigh (Manning) rd
Nugent g

Goals: Neal. Referee: Carey, Raymond. Time: two fourteen minute periods.

THE SWIMMING TEAM

Latin School has decided to put a team in the tank this year after a lapse of over ten years. There will be two divisions, junior and senior. There is a rule stating that no junior may swim as a senior, but why he should want to is a mystery, as the competition is sure to be faster. There are to be nine events, five senior and four junior, as follows: Senior: Dash, Plunge, Dive, Backstroke and Relay; Junior: the same with the elimination of the backstroke. It was the intention of the Committee to have only eight events, but the Latin representative, Richard, argued that an extra event would give two more boys chance to compete. (Entries in events being restricted to two). He gained his point. There will be two leagues, City and District, as in other sports. Boston College High will, as in Hockey, compete as a member of the City League by invitation.

At a meeting of the team Charles Richard, '24, was chosen Captain, and Edward Herman, Manager.

THE RIFLE TEAM

THE BANGOR MATCH

After the accident during the Yale match, the authorities forbade the use of magazine rifles during the city's time. The team was by that order forced to shoot with the school guns which had been harmed by inexperienced users. The result was a bad defeat.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

LATIN		BANGOR	
Keefe	99	Somers	98
Egan	93	Winch	97
Fox	92	Chandler	100
Stenberg	88	Mayo	99
Sullivan	82	Wiley	94
<hr/>		<hr/>	
454		488	

THE JAMAICA MATCH

After the disconcerting result of the Bangor match, certain members of the team elected to shoot after the city had given up the range, paying out of their own pockets for the use of the range. The result of the action was very gratifying, the team winning by thirty-four points. The summary:

LATIN		JAMAICA	
Egan	97	Hom	94
Sand	96	Wolcott	89
Keefe	96	Brown	87
Harris	96	Werle	86
Gibbons	91	Hofer	86
<hr/>		<hr/>	
476		442	

We don't know whether he makes both ends meet or not, but the barber generally manages to scrape along.

* * * *

"I had my nose broken in three places this summer."

"But why do you keep going to those places?"

* * * *

"I'll never get over what I saw last night."

"What's that?"

"The moon."

* * * *

He (over the phone): "What time are you expecting me?"

She (icily): "I'm not expecting you at all."

He: "Then I'll surprise you."

* * * *

AT DINNER

I cannot sing the old songs

I dare not sing the new

For how in heck can a feller sing

When a feller has to chew?



A high school teacher wrote "please wash" on the blackboard and the janitor took his bath before Saturday.

* * * *

"Son, where have you been?" queried the anxious mother as her boy slouched into the house at 1 A. M.

"I've been out on a date," was his answer.

"With that dirty shirt?"

"Naw, with a girl."

* * * *

JUST LIKE CLOCKWORK!

A burglar entered my place

"Be still," he said, "I'll do no harm!"

I threw my Big Ben in his face

And thus I struck him with alarm.

* * * *

Vigilant Officer: "Sam, what have you in that grip?"

Sam: "Ten pounds of sugar for my coffee."

Vigilant Officer: "Sam, what have you got in that other grip?"

Sam: "Ten pounds of sugar for my tea."

Vigilant Officer (drawing blackjack): "Well, Sam, here's a lump for your cocoa"..

"How long does a locomotive engine last?" asked the inquisitive old lady of the locomotive engineer.

"About thirty years," he answered patiently.

"Oh, I should think a tough looking thing like that would last much longer than thirty years."

"Maybe it would, if it didn't smoke so much."

* * * *

Clerk (asking for the day off): "Boss, I feel rotten."

Boss (sarcastically): "What's the matter with the verb to be?"

* * * *

Counsel: "Now, where did he kiss you?"

Plaintiff: "On the lips sir."

Counsel: "No! No! You don't understand. I mean where were you?"

Plaintiff (blushing): "In his arms, sir."

* * * *

Mother: "Didn't I see you sitting on that young man's lap last night?"

Daughter: "Well you told me that if he tried to get sentimental, I must sit on him."



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Boston 17, Massachusetts

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Dope: "What would you do if a girl dared you to take her upstairs?"

Mope: "I'd be inclined to take her up."

* * * *

"Is he a vegetarian?"

"Yes, he even has cauliflower ears."

* * * *

P-S-S-S-S BANG

Drunk: "Hic—'Sa funny thing but when water—hic—freezes it always—hic—freezes with the slippery side up."

* * * *

THOUGHTFUL

"You say Mary lost her pocket-book last night."

"Yep. She gave it to me to keep for her during our dinner at the Copley Plaza, and I couldn't find it after I paid the bill."

* * * *

He: "Between you and me and the lampost, I can't see anything wrong with the modern girl's dress."

He: "It is often a different thing if the lampost is lit."

The shades of night were falling fast,
When for a kiss he asked her;
She must have answered yes because—
The shades came down still faster.

* * * *

He laughs best whose laugh lasts.

* * * *

Burglar: "Money or your life!"

Preacher: "You'd better take my life. Neither I, nor any other man, can live on my money."

* * * *

Alack Alas!

My girl is gone,
I feel forlorn,
I lack a lass.

* * * *

OF COURSE

Arts: "What do they do with all these skulls?"

Medic: "Make noodle soup, I guess."

* * * *

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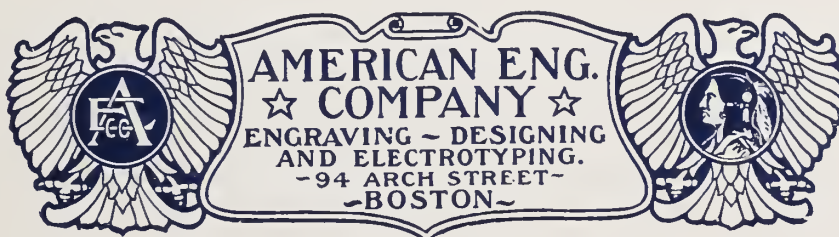
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